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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY



APRIL, 1894.

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The Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

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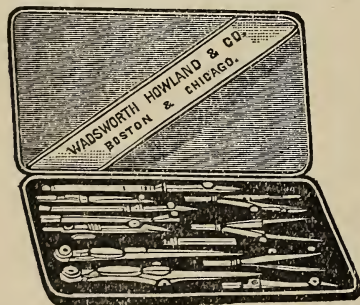
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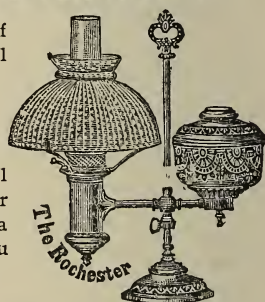
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Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1894.

No. 6.

THE PLACE OF JANE AUSTEN AS A LITERARY
MODEL.

AFTER a writer or a school of writers has enjoyed undisputed renown for a season, there is almost always a reaction. Critics begin to approach with magnifying-glass in hand, and the figures which, on a general view, seemed so striking and even grand, reveal a host of imperfections to the careful, well trained observer. Just now, it is Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot, and, indeed, all the dignitaries of English fiction that have fallen victims to this iconoclastic tendency.

In literature, however, as in religion, some object of worship seems to be necessary; and we find another writer raised to the place from which these worthies have been deposed by the school of critics for whom Mr. Howells serves as spokesman in his little book, "Criticism and Fiction." This sermon on literature seems to be preached with the words of Keats,—“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,” for its text, and with Jane Austen as its leading illustration. The language in which she is hailed as queen of English fiction is enthusiastic and uncompromising. “The art of fiction, as Jane Austen knew it, declined from her through Scott, and Bulwer, and Dickens, and Charlotte Brontë, and even George Eliot.” This is a remarkably positive assertion. Coming, as it does, from such a well known critic as Mr. Howells, it should serve to call attention to the many excellences which Miss Austen possessed above all other English novelists.

Starting with the assumption that genuine art lies only in truth,

we find that Miss Austen has not been unduly praised. There is certainly an air of sincerity and unswerving realism in her work that is admirable. Everything is characterized by the most rigid artistic restraint; there is not a trace of the exuberance that too often accompanies genius. Truth is never slighted to make a situation more impressive, or a character more striking.

To a certain extent, also, these characters are vivid. They were observed with a keen, if not very deep, appreciation, and were reproduced not only faithfully, but with a fair amount of vitality. Miss Austen was too conscientiously artistic to indulge much in apparent humor, but there is a suspicion of satire in her work that is extremely pleasing. These novels are of the kind that one enjoys taking up for a leisure moment, when he wishes for something mild and pleasant. They are restful, composing, delightful,—somewhat sleepy perhaps, but still delightful; for there is nothing to jar on one, or to shock the artistic sensibilities.

This, however, is not saying that Mr. Howells's "divine Jane" was, on the whole, a greater novelist than Thackeray, or George Eliot, or even Dickens. If we were right in assuming that all art is vested in truth, a comparison of Miss Austen's delineations with those of Dickens, the caricaturist, with his rude splashes of color, his exaggeration, and, indeed, his slovenliness, will serve to show the superiority of truth over extravagance, of chastened art over careless exuberance. But, for some reason, the comparison does not seem to result in that way, and we find that there is, after all, an interest and a power in Dickens's work, compared with which Miss Austen's novels seem tame and lifeless.

Feeling this power we begin to suspect that we have taken too narrow a view of the purpose of fiction, and that we have been given too narrow a definition of art. The assertion that "beauty is truth, and truth beauty," is hard to defend if we mean to say that all truth is beauty. A true picture can hardly be more beautiful than its original; a sketch of a sand-bank may be a perfect copy, but it is not a great picture,—it is hardly art at all. Beautiful models should sometimes, at least, be chosen, or terrible models,—ugly ones even, if they be striking, or convey an idea. But com-

monplaces in life cannot be expected to become anything but commonplaces in fiction,—utterly wearisome ones too, if a whole novel be filled with them.

Now, there is hardly a character portrayed by Miss Austen that rises above a certain commonplace level of virtue, or sinks below an equally commonplace level of uninteresting wickedness. These characters never do anything, never say anything, and we might almost add—such is Miss Austen's colorless fashion of dealing with the emotions,—never feel anything.

Such fiction does very well, as we have already granted, for a leisure hour, when we wish simply for amusement, and is of value as picturing the society of its period. But we feel that something is lacking, that we have not here novels of real power. For great fiction, we need great passions, great characters, great crises, and, more important than all, great truths. Mr. Crawford well says, "The foundation of good fiction and good poetry alike seems to be ethic rather than æsthetic. Anything in either which appeals to the taste, that is, to the æsthetic side, may ultimately perish, as a mere matter of fashion, but that which speaks to man as man, independent of his fashions, his habits, and his tastes, will live, and appeal to humanity so long as humanity is human."

It is this ethic element that Miss Austen's novels lack, and from this one lack, perhaps, comes most of the weakness of her work. She dealt faithfully with externals, and that was all. The mean motives of petty ambition, and small loves and hates and jealousies were treated with justice; but the deeper springs of human action that lie beneath all that is merely conventional were left unrevealed. There is hardly a genuine, powerful emotion in the whole range of her novels. Real, superficially, as her characters were, they were yet false to all the great realities of human nature. There is no hint of anything better than the humdrum society life, with its petty motives and low aspirations.

Mr. Howells claims that novelists like Dickens have done harm by setting forth false ideas of life, which unfit those who feed on his books for coping with the realities of actual existence. But it is to be doubted if a little false or exaggerated moral sentiment is

not better than the absence of all ethics, true or false. Miss Austen's moral lesson for young ladies (she appears to have written primarily for them) is, that they should be virtuous and sensible, and wait for their reward,—that reward to be in the shape of a nobleman, with five or six thousand a year. For others, there does not seem to be even this amount of moral teaching.

Now Thackeray, and Bulwer, and George Eliot, and even Dickens, whom Mr. Howells affects to despise, were intensely ethical. They dealt, all of them, perhaps, less truly with externals than did Miss Austen, but it was because they were striving to be true to the things that are deeper. Dickens was filled with a broad sympathy for mankind, a hatred of hypocrisy and sham, and an admiration for all that is noble in woman and all that is beautiful in love. It was not strange, then, that he should sometimes forget that the more choice the sentiment, the more likely it is to be tarnished by careless handling; and it was almost natural that the emotion of a great deal of his work should have been so overdone as to become annoying. But was it not better, after all, sometimes to deal in sentimentality than not to deal in sentiment at all?

The present low state of our literature is often attributed to the sordid business spirit of the age. We are told that the higher emotions of mankind are so buried beneath the cares of the counting-house and the stock exchange, that there is no longer any opportunity for the cultivation of pure art. But it seems very likely that the difficulty lies in exactly the opposite quarter, and that we are suffering from over-culture. We pick to pieces everything that is written; and if there are flaws in any of the details of construction or finishing, we are not ready to confess that the general effect may be strikingly good, or that beneath the surface, something may be lying that is grand in its scope.

Such a spirit of criticism reacts on the authors. What encouragement is there to a genius that he will be recognized if he attempts great things,—recognized at a time when all the praise is accorded to little things well done. It may be an unpleasant fact to contemplate, but fact it undoubtedly is, that an untiring devotion to

details has often been absent from the work of great geniuses ; and when we teach such careful attention to the minutiae, we are likely to dwarf the power of the mightiest talents. In the work of a true genius, there is a certain impetuosity, an indefinable something that compels him to speak ; he is often put in touch with something beyond himself and his powers of expression. So is it not better for him to grasp after these infinities, and to represent them in some faint way, even though it be with halting speech and uncouth words, rather than to be satisfied with a faultless rendering of commonplaces ? When the genius begins to think too much how he shall speak, his inspiration leaves him, and he finds that he has only talent remaining available.

We have had this cold, intellectual talent substituted for genius, in poetry as well as in fiction. A century and a half ago, we had Pope, a sort of Jane Austen of verse. Like her, and, like too many modern writers and critics, he fell under the power of the intellectual idea. The building of lines was to him a fine mechanical art, to be learned by study and infinite painstaking. According to his ideal, he succeeded ; his poetry is marvellous for its perfect smoothness and regularity. But it was too regular, its music was too much of the barrel-organ sort,—there was no feeling behind it, all soul was lacking ; its spirit was wholly philosophical, unvitalized by that subtle fire we call genius. So he does not live as a poet. If he is often quoted and sometimes read, it is because he was a philosopher and condensed sentiments into incomparably neat epigrams. He could not maintain his prestige against the tender pensiveness of a Wordsworth, the impetuous energy of a Byron, or the inspired genius of a Shelley.

So it will be with a purely intellectual novelist like Miss Austen. She will be obliged sooner or later to give place to writers of a more vital genius, and, having enjoyed her few years of fame, must ultimately sink into at least a partial oblivion.

Yet these novels have a most decided utility. They are probably only the fashion of a day, and will be read as little ten years hence as they were ten years ago ; but their influence, we may hope, will aid in working out a permanent effect on literature. In

the recoil from the untruth of writers like Dickens, Miss Austen serves as a guide toward a finer, more careful art. One cannot study her work, and then be satisfied with exaggeration and falsity to nature. The reign of extravagance is nearing its end,—writers are gradually learning the art of truth. This art once learned, we may hope that a generation of great novelists will arise—greater than Dickens because more artistic, and greater, far greater, than Miss Austen, because they will deal, not with externals nor with the customs of a day, but with great realities.

Kent Knowlton.

A REVERIE.

AS in the densest darkness of the night,
 In forests creaking 'gainst the heavy blasts,
 When beating snows are sighing thro' the oaks,
 The homeward wand'rer struggles up the slope
 To find at once across his vision thrown
 The gleaming rays of distant village lights;
 So in the deep gloom of our unbelief,
 In the nightly tempest of our doubts and fears,
 We rise by virtue's hand to higher ground,
 And hope again across our pathway shines.

John H. Bartlett.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN ATHLETICS.

IN the morning before the eleventh annual meet of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the city of Worcester was in a state of intense excitement. For some hours a regular invasion by collegians and their sympathizers had been in progress. Almost every train that rolled into the Union depot had brought a crowd of enthusiasts, who had made life miserable for the other passengers and whose cheers had resounded throughout the station above the ceaseless murmur of the crowd and the puffing of the weary locomotives. Everywhere, on Front and Main streets,

the common groups of restless wearers of the green, the purple, or the brown, were to be seen. The sport-lovers and alumni from the surrounding country were certainly no fewer and hardly less agitated, while those of the citizens who were not partisans had caught the contagion. Even the Jewish proprietors of the fifth-class clothing store and the Italian venders of peanuts and fruit had begun to realize that something of importance was soon to occur.

The Bay State House, of course, was the centre of interest, and old Aeolus himself, with all his winds, could hardly have added to the confusion that reigned there. One might have imagined that all the institutions represented had good hopes of carrying off the pennant, so animated was everybody's conversation. Inquiry would soon have made it plain, however, that the real struggle then, as almost always, would undoubtedly be fought out between only two of the competing colleges, X and Y. And the most sanguine of the adherents of either would have admitted that in all probability the victory would be harder won than ever before. Add the fact that each of the rivals had so far been five times victorious in the meets, and you will readily understand why the excitement was so wild.

In a room upstairs was a scene very different from that below. The most casual observer would have gathered at a glance that the chamber was one of those occupied by the collegians, for travelling bags and articles of clothing were strewn about promiscuously. What would chiefly have attracted attention, however, was a pile of sweaters, marked in front with great Xs, lying on and about a couch in one corner, and a young man whom they were apparently intended to cover. He was powerfully built, evidently one of the athletes; his face could not be seen, as it was turned to the wall, but the grinding of his teeth could have been heard at a considerable distance. The roll of bandages about one of his ankles, and the prevalent smell of arnica told the rest of the story for any one who knew that he was Henry Devons, the champion bicycle rider.

He was alone just then, but in a moment another fellow entered. This newcomer had a rather striking appearance. His features

were regular but large—coarse, his enemies called them ; his whole bearing was soldier-like and self-reliant, and altogether he gave the impression of being a man of great ability and perfect self-control, with a thorough appreciation of himself and perhaps a little of contempt for ordinary people. He seemed much more calm than was to be expected under the circumstances.

“Well, Henry, you have done it in pretty good shape this time,” he said commiseratingly rather than sympathetically.

“I do n’t need you to tell me that,” growled the other, without changing his position.

“It certainly does look bad enough,” continued the first speaker, “but ——”

“But what?” cried the invalid fiercely, starting up into a sitting posture and flinging off the last remaining sweaters. “Look bad enough! By Jove, it’s just as everlastingly bad as it possibly could be! I do n’t want any of your weak, optimistic consolations now, I can tell you, Dick Brown. When a fellow has trained as many months as I have for the sports, and is practically sure of first place, and when the thing is as close as it is this year, and then he goes and sprains his ankle on the very morning, he don’t want any qualifications. It’s beastly, outrageous luck, and that’s all there is about it. You talk as coolly as if ’t were a great joke anyway. You have n’t any more feeling in you than a stone post. Why do n’t you wake up and get out of that miserable philosophic indifference of yours and feel really stirred up, once a lifetime at any rate? I suppose you’ll be trying to persuade me next that it’s of no consequence after all.”

“When you get through I’ll go on with what I was going to say,” returned the unmoved object of all this abuse. “But do n’t stop on my account. It will do you good to let out some of your wrath.”

“I do n’t want to hear what you were going to say,” said Devons, angrily, as he threw himself back on the couch. “And I wish to goodness you’d get out and leave me alone.”

“You give up too easily,” was the quiet reply. “There may be a chance yet.”

"A chance yet! What do you mean?" sneered the athlete.
"Have you psychologized all your common sense out of you."

"I hope not," Brown answered, somewhat coldly. "All is, I know that if I set out to do a thing myself I generally accomplish it, and I think that I can bring it about that you shall ride your race to-day, if you make up your mind to."

* * * * *

The games that afternoon were all that had been expected; the Worcester oval had never seen more exciting ones. For the prophets had not been deceived as to the result: X and Y had taken the first places at the beginning and kept them throughout, running along together, until, when everything but the bicycle race was over, they were tied at a safe distance ahead of all the rest. But the hearts of the X men had gradually sunk down into their boots during the last events, while those of the Y faction had become proportionately elated. Everyone knew that in the absence of Devons, and barring accidents, Clinton, the Y champion, was sure of winning the remaining contest, and that McPherson, the other representative of X, had only one chance in ten of taking third place, even.

The Y fellows were simply mad with joy then, when the contestants came forward to take their places, and the X quarter of the grand stand was very quiet.

"Just X luck," ejaculated one youth with a most rueful countenance, tearing his score-book into a thousand pieces.

But suddenly some one in the farther seats started, looked, turned to his neighbor, and pointed to the track. In an instant a wave of wonder and excitement passed over all the crowd. Devons, dressed in his bicycling suit and accompanied by Brown, was certainly advancing to the mark. For an instant the X contingent was too dumbfounded to utter a sound; then it burst forth into cheer after cheer. Y's adherents answered defiantly, but not so confidently. Loud murmurs of "unfair play" and "skin game" were heard in this vicinity.

Devons did not once look up. He took his place without a trace of excitement, almost mechanically; but there was nothing mechan-

ical in the way he rode. The leader from the start, he came in a winner by several seconds, though Clinton made a plucky fight. The old record was left far behind.

After Brown had started his friend he passed quickly to the southern end of the grand-stand without making the least reply to the questions hailed at him from above, but always keeping his eyes fixed on Devons. When the latter had broken the string and reeled in his seat, apparently fainting, Brown caught him. The crowd of his fellow-students, who would have borne the victor off on their shoulders, he sternly commanded to stand back and give Devons plenty of air. To the doctor whom he had taken care to have close at hand he whispered, "It's all right: I mesmerized him."

It was two months before Henry Devons mounted a bicycle again, and the physicians delivered regular Philippics against his boyish folly. It could not be denied, indeed, that he had risked his limb, but then—he and Brown were long the heroes of X.

But which, you naturally ask, is X, and which is Y? That is one of the questions which time will answer.

Robert H. Fletcher.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA.

PROBABLY the events of no epoch of history are more uncertain in the popular mind than those of the Middle Ages. Many people have gained their entire knowledge of this period from historical poetry and fiction. Among the well known writers of fiction, none has yet dealt with the events of the Eastern Empire during the fifteenth century, notwithstanding the important place they hold in the history of the world. The majority of people know little concerning the date or circumstances of the fall of Constantinople. Possibly General Lew Wallace had this fact in mind when he began to collect the material for his last book, "The Prince of India." Certainly, it required an immense amount of research to bring together and arrange the data on which he has

constructed this book. The seven years of preparation must have been busy ones.

His former books had given him a secure footing in the literary world, and the doubtful prerogative of presenting any fancy or conception. But instead of following the example of some well-known writers and claiming this privilege, he has produced a book far superior to any of his previous works. All the mannerisms, which were so strongly criticised in "*Ben Hur*," are avoided in "*The Prince of India*." He has employed a serious, sometimes even a ponderous, style. Not a flash of humor or wit enlivens the whole production. He is often too minute. Many excellent ideas are made commonplace by repetition, and many passages are made wearisome by constant reference to authorities. He rarely allows the reader to use his own imagination, even in the smallest detail. All the personages of the book speak in the same manner, regardless of condition, sex, or nationality. It may be said, however, that the remoteness of the scene, both in time and place, makes this peculiarity less noticeable.

He introduces the characters of his work very aptly, disposing at the outset of such practical questions as the immense wealth of the Prince of India, and, at the same time, firmly fixing the reader's attention. One is not compelled to wade through any long introduction of surroundings or author's hobby, but we reach the characters in the first pages. The constant repetition of that phrase, "No one has been here since ——," is a sharp spur to the reader's imagination, while the description in the robbing of the sarcophagus of the ancient king is a clear portraiture. The tomb itself, those beautiful cartoons, that sword of Solomon's flaming with jewels, the vessels of precious stones—all are realities.

At this point is a semi-introduction of the great religious idea of the book engraved on the silver tablet held in the "nerveless hand" of the king :

"There is but one God, and He was from the beginning and will be without end. . . . So thou wilt use this wealth in ways pleasing in the sight of the Lord God of Solomon, my royal friend, take thou of it in welcome. There is no God but his God.

"Thus say I, HIRAM, KING OF TYRE."

General Wallace appears to be peculiarly qualified to handle religious themes in novel writing. One is constantly reminded of "Ben Hur" by the religious strain which predominates throughout the book. The principal character, the Prince of India, is founded upon the old legend of "The Wandering Jew," who insulted Christ on his way to the cross, and was condemned by him to "tarry till I come." After wandering for fourteen centuries, praying for death, he attempts to introduce a theory of monotheism to the whole world. For this purpose he has made a careful study of the religions of the world, and endeavors to weave them all into a grand worship of the one God.

First he goes to the Mecca of the Mohammedans, saying, "I will be their arbiter of religion." Here we find the first climax of the book, in the magnificent description of the "Passing of the Caravans." Stationed on a hill, he watches the hordes from Africa, Asia, and Europe, extending back as far as the eye can reach, advancing, running, rushing, crashing, tumbling to the goal of their religious fanaticism. "They are not men, but devils fleeing from the wrath of God." As well try singly to stem this tide of humanity as to alter the immortality of Mohammed, their prophet. Islam clearly would not accept his theory of "Universal Religious Brotherhood." At the court of Constantine Palæologus he views a similar scene in the procession of the Pannychides, a mixed collection of men of every type of the Christian religion, all bent on the outward observance of a sacred rite. Later, we find him in the court-room of the emperor, before him spread the religious creeds of the world, the Veda, Avesta, Koran, and others, all grouped around the Bible. Slowly and craftily he projects his theory to the monks, compares the theism of all the books, and weaves the different creeds into one grand monotheism, a Unitarianism for the world. He retains the attention of the monks until he places Christ on the same level as Mohammed, both prophets of God. Then, as a storm breaks on a stranger in the desert, they overwhelm him and reject his theory.

While the religious theory is the main-spring of the book, there is an intricate mechanism created from the historical personages

and references, which is carefully controlled by the balance-wheel of fiction. No historical novel has ever covered such a multitude of facts in so thorough a manner. But the crowning feature of the historical references is their correctness. Dumas's novels of French history and Scott's "Kenilworth" and "Ivanhoe" cannot be classed with "The Prince of India," since they fairly teem with historical errors. They made history subordinate to romance, Wallace has ornamented history with romance.

We cannot say that the romance of this book is uninteresting or similar to that of any book heretofore published, still it is full of glaring inconsistencies. The subordination of the romantic idea to the religious and historical, in part accounts for this. Even if the characters are sometimes incongruous and the victims of circumstances, still the plot is sufficiently strong and the love story natural enough to firmly establish the book as a historical novel.

The Prince, himself, is the most consistent character in the book. His endless age and strange condition sanction his many visionary deeds. The fatherlike love for Lael is his most human attribute, but this is only transient, as he makes no attempt to regain her after leaving the city. His most noticeable fault is that at one moment he is the strong exponent of the Jewish hatred, and at the next has lost every national characteristic. This same neglect of Jewish manners and institutions is evident in the characters of Lael and Uel. The rejuvenation of "The Wandering Jew" at the end of every hundred years is a departure from the legends, but disposes of the Prince very consistently at the moment of the city's fall.

The impetuous Sultan of Turkey, Mohammed, holds a prominent place in the romance of the book. From the first meeting with Irenè at the White Castle to the final scene at the nave of the Sancta Sophia, he exhibits more true love and passion than all the other characters combined. And, when disguised as the Singing Sheik, he visits Irenè, even encountering his rival, the Emperor, we admire his boldness and address.

Corti, introduced as the Mizra of the East, undergoes a some-

what too rapid metamorphosis into an Italian count, on being sent to Constantinople as Mohammed's spy. Although falling desperately in love with Irenè, being converted to the Christian religion and becoming an admirer and follower of the Emperor, he keeps faith with his lord until released from his trust.

Well separated from the quarrels that were harrassing the religious world are the truest characters of the book — Father Hilarion, firmly devoted to pure Christianity, and his pupil Sergius, with his terse and convincing declaration, "I believe in God and in Jesus Christ, his son."

Strange as it may seem for a novel, only two women are portrayed. Lael, the daughter of Uel and the adopted daughter of the Prince, is simply a support for the stronger characters; introduced as a child, she remains a quiet, pretty girl, painfully common-place among her associates. The Princess Irenè, evidently intended as a heroine, is the strangest character that General Wallace has produced in all his works. At first appearance she seems to be the most saintly and beautiful of women. But gradually a strange inconsistency creeps into her character, and we feel that she is a creature of the imagination. She loses all the human attributes we have so much admired, and yet does not become an ideal saint, for a saint cannot willingly become one of a sultan's wives. Ideal love is rudely shattered in her response to Mohammed's suit:

"Never will I surrender myself to wedlock under urgency of love alone. . . . But when, by sacrifice, I may save my country, or my countrymen in multitude, or our holy religion, I could give myself in contact, and would, without loving or being loved."

Such a speech seems fanatical from a believer in Sergius's religion, a proud relative of the Emperor, and a chaste and pure woman.

Far surpassing the delineations of the characters are the descriptions of the book. Here General Wallace is at his best. Serious and dignified, yet minute and clear, he fills in the background with historical facts, and paints in the fore-ground pictures of rare vividness, bringing in fact after fact, array after array,

shading and coloring with the skill of a true artist, enlivening the whole scene with his ready imagination, so as to produce a finished picture. Such are the Pannychides, the Passing of the Caravans, the description of the Bosphorus, the Princess's garden and the boat-race, and, above all, the final fall of the city. The boat-race recalls the chariot-race of "Ben Hur," but seems so tame in comparison with that masterpiece, that a really good description is rendered ineffective. Demedes does not arouse one's sympathy, as Ben Hur did, owing to the baseness of his character; nor is the boat-race required in the plot of the book or the history of the times. If General Wallace introduces it to repeat the effect caused by the chariot-race, he has signally failed.

As mentioned above, the great climax is the siege and fall of Constantinople. This is a war-picture of unsurpassed grandeur. A minute and thrilling description of the struggle extends from the bringing up of the great cannons, with which the Turks level the hitherto impregnable walls, to the final hand-to-hand contest. The continued quarrels of the monks, and the vain parading of the Holy Panagia retain the religious idea to the very last, while the cap-stone of the romance is the betrothal of Mohammed and Irenè at the nave of the Sancta Sophia.

"Ben Hur" was noted for its brilliancy: "The Prince of India" is strong in its seriousness. The former was popular with all classes: the latter will be best appreciated by the educated. It will be praised by those who criticised its predecessors, and necessarily will out-last "Ben Hur" by many years, because of its superior purpose and stronger foundation.

We may censure the characters of the book, we may not admire the plot, we may consider the style ponderous, but we can only praise the work as a whole. Its vivid descriptions, its full treatment of the early Christian religion, and its vast store of historical information make it of lasting value.

H. J. Hapgood.

A FLOWER-DREAM.

'TIS not of thy fragrance I'm dreaming to-night.
I behold not thy beauty so blushing and bright.
In my vision a little white hand holds thy form,
At the gate, in the glow of the sunset warm ;

And brown eyes, that shimmered as deep woodland pools,
Looked up with a light which one's destiny rules,
And the flower that she gave told that story so old,
Yet each fond word I hoarded as miser his gold.

Thy petals may wither, thy fragrance may die,
On the past's fondest thoughts I may linger and sigh,
Yet the bliss of that moment shall never depart,
But blossom unfading deep down in my heart.

Dana D. Wallace.

ON MOOSILAUKE.

“Walks and the melody of birds.”

WHEN the leisure for a week's bird-study on Moosilauke came to me last July, I was delighted. Of course the nesting season was drawing to a close, and the birds were returning to their summer sobriety after the musical wooings of the spring. Yet I was hoping that some of the early breeders might be delayed and that those which left their house building and family cares till the heats of summer had arrived might not prove uninteresting. Accordingly as the train drew into the little depot at Warren, my most pleasant anticipations were more or less mingled with misgivings.

The walk of six miles to Breezy Point, as the post-office at the base of the mountain is called, was charming, though I had not yet breakfasted. The white-throated sparrows were tuning up on both sides of the road. Their “Pea, Pea, Peabody, Peabody, Peabody” attracted me at once; they are rather rare residents about Hanover, but are commonly observed during the

migrations. A few stay, and, protected by the thick copses of the Bottomless Pit, build their nests and raise their young in safety. On Moosilauke, however, it is otherwise. From the numerous voices on every side I thought they must be breeding there by hundreds, and afterwards, when I had seen more of the mountain, by thousands. Rollicking bob-o'-links were filling the air with their tempestuous, rapturous melody. Were one a cynic, such a morning would render him so forgetful of self that his pessimism would have no foundation; for every heart that is warmed by human blood cannot but be moved when all nature conspires into the beautiful.

When at length I reached my temporary abode and was refreshed by a good old-fashioned breakfast, I went out to explore the immediate vicinity. A few rods from the house a red-eyed vireo was warbling, and near by was his mate on the nest; at a short distance were also nests of chickadees and bluebirds, but these were of little interest at a time when I was desirous of finding species new to me. A nest overfilled with four young white-throated sparrows completed that day's finds; and I was kept indoors the next day by a heavy rain. But on the third morning the sunbeams peering through the shutters awoke me, and early I was off to continue my explorations. Between the hotel and the river is a lovely strip of woodland intersected in all directions by paths named after different colleges. I started out on the Dartmouth path which, agreeably to me, was more picturesque than the others, and from this I meandered through the Harvard and Tufts paths, Bowdoin square, and one or two more which at present do not recur to me. A black-throated green warbler was busily feeding several youngsters that were perched on the branch of a black spruce tree, and were so well shut off by the thickness of the surrounding growth that I could not easily observe them. Then the brilliant coloring of some redstarts and a blackburnian warbler in turn drew me away from the spot, and so I wandered on, now attracted by the "we-o" of the tawny thrush, now following with my eyes some tiny sprite in the treetops. The afternoon was pleasantly passed on the spacious piazza, drinking the pure

mountain breezes and admiring the rounded hills that loom up in front like a rampart.

The rising sun of the next morning promised so fair a day that a small party decided to make a five-mile ascent to the top; and once there, the hard climb was forgotten in the grandeur of the panorama that extended miles on miles away to the north, south, east, west. Would that art might express the charms of a mountain top! The neighboring hills with beautiful contrasts of light and shade in the vales that lay between, the shimmering lakes, the distant mountains growing more and more hazy till they are lost on the horizon—such scenes allure the mind into a state that baffles the sweetness of words to describe. How I envied the birds that dwelt there—the snowbirds and warblers, up to the large hawks and occasional majestic eagles that are seen sailing through the high air!

At the Tip-top House they told me it was the finest day of the year, and when I saw the beauties of the sun setting over the far Adirondacks, and the following morning saw it rise, in the glory of its new birth, directly over Mount Washington, I was willing to believe that nothing could be more nearly perfect. Soon after breakfast the clouds had settled down so thick as to make my attempted exploration of the mountain-top a failure, and so I started to make the descent; about a quarter of the way down I emerged into clear daylight again, but when the hotel was reached the mountain was still capped.

That afternoon I sought again the woods near the river, and in an angle between the Harvard and Dartmouth paths, was attracted by a blackburnian warbler, and soon found he was feeding several of his youngsters and trying to teach them to fly. Suspicious, I at once searched the surrounding trees and soon found a nest about a rod and a half distant; it was on the branch of a hemlock tree nearly ten feet from the trunk and an equal height from the ground. I took the nest and on consulting my manuals found it was without doubt that of the orange-throated or blackburnian warbler. Though I have seen the bird many times on its migrations, I exceeded my wildest dreams in finding it nesting. On the

next day I started for the same place, but the flying lessons must have been successful, for not a sign was to be seen of parents or offspring. Following the river down farther, I found some kinglets with their young. They are apparently not very rare here, as there were several pairs in different parts of the wood, but the trees were so thick that it was hard to observe accurately. One pair I was certain were ruby-crowns, but, being unarmed with a field-glass, I may have been mistaken. In the afternoon I stayed in the house and read the experiences of three men who spent the months of January and February on top of the mountain. The idea, which at first I had entertained as delightful, lost its pleasant aspect when I found how they had suffered and how fruitless their enterprise.

Having concluded that the next day should be my last, I hoped it might be a successful one, and so it was. After finding redstarts, white-throats, and kinglets engaged in caring for their respective families, I culminated the day's pleasure by the discovery of a bay-breasted warbler. The very sight of the warbler inspired me, but I could not find a trace of its nesting though undoubtedly it breeds here.

Thus the week had passed and as I took my departure it was with the resolve, which is now as strong as ever, that the next year would see me back there again earlier in the season, when bird-life may be studied more satisfactorily. Those who have travelled to any extent through the White Mountains frequently say, that for the view, Moosilauke leads all its more lofty rivals. This seems plausible when you consider that most of the peaks are surrounded by others nearly or quite as high as themselves, while Moosilauke stands out like Saul of old, head and shoulders above those around it. And to me the clouds about its head often form a halo.

Robert A. Campbell.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE HOOSIER POET.

I.

AH! Mr. Riley, you're the man fo me!
 Give us yer hand! But there, I hain't a doubt,
 Yer don 't jes' recollect me; thet 's, without
 Yer memory 's good. But I 'm the man, yer see,
 Thet you hev writ about in poetry.
 Yes, I 'm the man who likes, "'long about
 Knee-deep in June," or so, to jes' git out
 An' "sprawl out len'thway" 'neath an apple tree.
 Yer bet I do! An' Mr. Riley, say!
 Who told you thet the roses 'bove our door
 Wuz climbin' in thet good, old-fashioned way?
 An' thet the sunshine on the entry floor
 Wuz dappled with their shadders? It 's true ez day,
 An' thet 's what makes me wonder more an' more.

II.

It 's mighty strange! yer must hev lived, I guess,
 Around here when a boy. But after all,
 For the life uv me, I can't seem to recall
 A feller by your name. An' yit no less
 I know thet your "old swimmin'-hole" is jes'
 Down yonder in the parster by the wall
 Where the path "to old Aunt Mary's" seems to crawl
 Among the cat-tails and the water-cress.
 An' yer know old William Leacham? Put it there!
 He 's ben my nex'-door neighbor forty year.
 An' ef two Hoosier-farmer friends may dare
 To offer you the wish uv hearts sincere,—
 Oh, Mr. Riley! may you never fare
 Beyond the reach of Hoosier friendship dear!

Edwin O. Grover.

THE REFORM OF SILAS GREEN.

SILAS GREEN, resident and chief character of the town of Benton, situated in one of our supposed temperance states, had for many years exemplified the truth of the theory that a man who

strongly desires to drink will do so in spite of all prohibitory laws. It was commonly said in B—— that if Silas would spend half the time and ingenuity in mastering the problem of flying, that he did in devising schemes for smuggling the prohibited liquors into the town, the method of propulsion, hitherto used only by insects, birds, and angels, would become the privilege of man as well.

It was he who had, only the year before, successfully carried out the plan of bringing into the town, and distributing among his friends, large quantities of whiskey and wine, by concealing it inside squashes and watermelons. Although never convicted of this, something happened one day which obliged him to suspend operations. He was driving by the house of the good deacon Pettigrew, on his way to the home of one of his "thirsty" brethren, when the deacon stopped him for the purpose of buying a melon. The bargain was quickly concluded, and it was not until later in the day that Silas discovered that he had made a serious mistake, and sold the deacon a whiskey-soaked watermelon.

Meanwhile, the deacon and his family had feasted on the fateful melon, the deacon remarking on its peculiar, but agreeable, flavor. So well, in fact, did he like it, that he ate, that same afternoon, what remained over from dinner. The result was somewhat startling, for that evening, at prayer-meeting, when the good man was called upon to lead in prayer, he scandalized his orthodox brethren by expressing the hope that everybody, saints and sinners, elect and unelect, might be received by St. Peter with equal favor.

Now the deacon had always been one of the pillars of the church, so after the service was over, a meeting was held and a committee appointed to call upon him the next day and inquire the cause of his sudden lapse.

Meanwhile the deacon had been doing some quiet thinking, recollecting, among other things, that the whole family had remarked on the strange taste of the watermelon. So the result of the conference was, that a committee of one was sent to purchase melons of Silas. When the latter gentleman was approached for the purpose, however, it was found that he had gone out of business.

Without stopping to narrate more of Silas's minor schemes, we will pass on to his last grand *coup d'état*.

For nearly six months after the melon episode, owing to the activity of the selectmen and the sheriff, Silas and his companions had been obliged to satisfy their thirst with water. Finally, however, Silas hit upon the most brilliant idea of his life, and proceeded one evening to unfold his scheme to a select company of admirers. As a result of this convocation, the report was diligently spread on the following day, that Silas Green had made up his mind to reform, and that he was soon to *départ* to a distant town for the purpose of taking the "Keeley cure." Silas, when interviewed by the editor of the *Weekly Budget*, stated, in a most humble manner, that he had at last perceived the error of his ways, and intended to make a bold stand against Satan.

Great was the rejoicing of the good people of the village, which rejoicing was only increased upon his return about three weeks later, for he was according to his statement, which was borne out by his improved looks, completely cured. And what was better, he informed the selectmen that he had brought back with him a complete Keeley outfit, and would, with their help, effect the cure of all his old companions. They accordingly granted him the use of an old school-house, for his establishment, and within about a week it was in operation. We must now chronicle the sad story of this institution.

From the very first it did not want for patrons. To begin with, all of Silas's old comrades manifested a wonderful readiness to be cured, and went to the old school-house as many as four times a day for treatment, which was as follows: first, two teaspoonfuls of a colorless fluid, which had every appearance, and even the taste, of water; after this the patient was allowed to drink as much as he pleased of a dark, suspicious looking liquid. It began to be noticed that the patients were able to walk from their homes to the "institution" with much greater ease than they could walk from the "institution" to their homes. Silas assured the selectmen, however, that it had affected him in just the same manner at first, and that the method, though slow, was sure.

Meanwhile, the fame of Green's Keeley cure spread, and many men from neighboring towns hastened to take advantage of this boon to the intemperate. Its popularity became greater and greater, and the number of men who seemed inclined to "seek the horizontal" in the streets of the town, became larger and larger. Another remarkable fact was brought out in connection with this movement for temperance. Many men, who had always been supposed to be temperate, suddenly decided to take a course at Silas's establishment, averring, as a reason, that they were taking it merely as a preventive, just as they would be vaccinated; for some remote ancestor of theirs had been addicted to the use of intoxicants, and they were fearful lest a similar tendency might have been inherited by themselves.

This state of affairs could not, of course, continue for any length of time, and the *dénouement* soon came.

One of the deacons of the church, no other, in fact, than the victim of Silas's "flavored" watermelon, had from the first been suspicious of the great "Keeley cure," and, as matters grew worse, his suspicions increased, and it was through his instrumentality that the selectmen were finally persuaded to investigate matters. It came to pass, therefore, that one day, as Silas stood in his door, he saw approaching with solemn step and mien, the whole body of selectmen, headed by his old friend, Deacon Pettigrew. They passed inside without a smile, and the only words vouchsafed were spoken by the deacon, who said, "We have come to take the Keeley cure."

Now Silas had long contemplated the possibility of some such contingency, and was not unprepared. He smilingly measured out four glasses of the dark liquid, into which he had quietly dropped a powerful drug, and, after serving each of his customers with the regular amount of water-like liquid, handed them the glasses. With some hesitation they rather gingerly tasted, and finally swallowed about half their allowance. That being done, however, they did not seem inclined to conversation, but sank into chairs which Silas had thoughtfully provided for them, and proceeded to take a siesta.

When they at last awoke, and recovered somewhat from their astonishment, they instituted a thorough search for the recreant Silas. But in vain. The town of B—— knew him no more. He had departed for more congenial surroundings.

Which all goes to show that the greatest boons to mankind may be put to more than one use.

N. S. Foster.

THE OWL AND THE THRUSH.

OWL.

EVERY wise bird will say
 That night is the thoughtful season.
 Frivolity marketh the day,
 Every wise bird will say ;
 And foolish indeed are they
 Who try in daylight to reason.
 Every wise bird will say
 That night is the thoughtful season.

THRUSH.

Daylight betokeneth life,
 And daylight betokeneth joy.
 With song and sunshine rife,
 Daylight betokeneth life ;
 We long not for wisdom or strife,
 Nor ever shall *reason* annoy,
 Daylight betokeneth life,
 And daylight betokeneth joy.

ENVOY.

'Tis wisdom the old owl seeks,
 The tuneful thrush for love.
 'Tis of earthly knowledge he speaks,
 'Tis wisdom the old owl seeks ;
 But the thrush for the drop that leaks
 From the great blue vault above.
 'Tis wisdom the old owl seeks,
 The tuneful thrush for love.

THISTLE-DOWN.

SONG.

 BREEZES, so fragrantly laden
With the sweets of the Southern land,
Bear with them to the Northern maiden
A message of love from my hand.

And, O North Wind, so bleakly hasting
From the country cold and drear,
May thy breath, her warm breath tasting
Grow milder, and bring me cheer.

For I know that the breezes that hover
In tenderness over my head,
Bear whispers from lover to lover
While the fragrance of kisses they shed.

CHEER UP.

 HEER up, sad heart, cheer up, I say,
Why wilt thou mourn thy life away?
Though darksome clouds spread o'er the sky,
And fiercely blows a chilling blast,
Cheer up, sad heart, cheer up, I say;
The clouds and wind will soon be past.

Cheer up, sad heart, cheer up I say,
Revive this mortal frame of clay.
Though from thy lips I hear a sigh,
And sorrow keen doth fill thy breast,
Cheer up, sad heart, cheer up, I say;
Remember this, that God knows best.

E. R. Ham.

THE PRAISE OF BELLE.

A PANTOUM.

I SING the praise of modest Belle ;
 I here extol the maiden's grace,
 Because I first did love her well,
 When first I saw her lovely face.

I here extol the maiden's grace,
 And laughing eyes that moved me more,
 When first I saw her lovely face,
 Than all the eyes I 'd seen before.

And laughing eyes that moved me more,
 When once I found them fixed on me,
 Than all the eyes I 'd seen before,
 Or ever may expect to see.

When once I found them fixed on me,
 A happier lad you never saw,
 Or ever may expect to see,—
 So filled was I with love and awe.

A happier lad you never saw,
 When her red lips first deigned to smile ;
 So filled was I with love and awe,
 That I was stricken dumb the while.

When her red lips first deigned to smile,
 So sweet in truth did they invite
 That I was stricken dumb the while ;
 But, banishing my foolish fright—

So sweet in truth did they invite,
 I could not long their power resist
 But, banishing my foolish fright,
 Those smiling lips were quickly kissed.

I could not long their power resist,
 So potent ever is her charm.
 Those smiling lips were quickly kissed—
 Indeed there is not any harm !

So potent ever is her charm,
I sing the praise of modest Belle.
Indeed there is not any harm—
Because I first did love her well.

Robert A. Campbell.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Outing. We were a happy crowd; just six of us, leaving the hurly-burly far behind, and crossing northern New Hampshire in a team, bound for two weeks of hunting and fishing on the Magalloway river and Lake Parmachenee. Who were we, did you ask? There was the "Duke," the "Prof.," the "Gent," the "Law," our guide, "Spof," and myself, commonly called the "Kid."

Passing along over a fine country road, we soon came to a large spruce forest. The "Duke" and the "Gent" could no longer retain their spirits amidst this glorious fresh air, and a scuffle followed. I hardly dare tell the rest. The "Gent" demanded that the "Duke" should not come any more gum-games on him, whereupon the "Duke" simply retorted that it seemed the "Gent" was rather spruce that morning, and we all subsided.

After a time we emerged from this much-suffering forest, and, rounding a turn, we beheld the full beauty of Dixville notch. There had been a shower a short time before, and now the sun was reflected by myriads of little drops of water, making the entire face of an almost perpendicular ledge, five hundred feet high, appear as if it were set with millions of diamonds.

We stopped for dinner at the Notch House, and from its piazza we had an opportunity of admiring a truly beautiful and grand bit of scenery. Before us the road wound up through the pass, and on either side of it towered the bare cliffs, while all around was the primeval forest. After a short stop we started through the pass, and, going down the opposite side, we first saw a loggers' camp, built of logs and bark. Errol and Errol dam being passed, and the Androscoggin left behind, we proceeded up the Magalloway to Flint's place, the last house we were to see until we left the wilderness. Here we passed the night, hired a canoe and boat, and secured the provisions for our stay in the woods.

The next morning we passed over a steep hill to the landing place, where we found an old stern-wheel steamer, which burnt a great deal of wood and went very slowly. On this we proceeded up the river for some ten miles, and with canoe and boat went about ten miles farther into the

wilderness. After some very hard paddling we came to a short rapids, which was sure to hold the speckled beauties, and just above this, where a clear brook ran into the river, we pitched our camp.

The "Duke" was determined to catch the first fish, and so, early the next morning, taking his tackle and hurrying down to the river, he stepped carefully into the canoe, for he was rather suspicious of this frail creature; but, finding that it lay quite still, he bravely pushed off. By this time the rest of us were awake and following him, and thus we saw the little mishap which happened to him. The canoe behaved quite well at first, and he soon had it anchored in the midst of the stream, and, with a victorious wave to us, he cast his first fly upon the Magalloway river. It was immediately taken by a fish, and the "Duke," with a shout, arose to play the fish more freely; but the canoe was not accustomed to such handling, and with a quick lurch it sent the "Duke" headlong into the river. But he was a true angler; his hat floated off down stream, but what of that? His fish was still on the hook, and, standing there in the cold water, he played a two-pound trout for twenty minutes, and caught it, too. All this time we had been shouting encouragement to him from the shore, asking him if the landing was not a little wet, and if he was baiting the fish. But he did not deign to notice us, and, with his fish, he marched proudly past, as we stood on either side with our hats in our hands. But, after all, the "Duke" caught the best fish we got that morning.

Early the next morning a deer crossed the river below us, and our Nimrod, the "Gent," immediately must go a-hunting. So "Spof" and he started out, and about the middle of the forenoon a young buck was hanging by its hind feet to the limb of a large hemlock at the right of the tent. Well, the fever was on, and I, too, must be a Nimrod. So the next morning "Spof" and I started out at the first break of day, and about the middle of the forenoon—yes, I had seen a deer, in fact, four of them, and the gun, an old one, made such a noise that I thought the deer must surely be frightened to death. Alas, for disappointed hopes!

At the end of two weeks, we paddled down and met the steamer, and at ten o'clock that night we lighted our way through Dixville notch with birch-bark torches, and the next day we were back at our homes, every one of us having enjoyed a pleasant outing, and being in far better spirits and condition to carry on our part in daily life.

E. P. Bailey.

It Might Have been Different. In a room showing every evidence of wealth and refinement, John Landor, of the New York Stock Exchange, sits in a chair, gazing with profound meditation into the fire which is burning cheerfully in the open grate before him. The expression of his face is sad, and his brow is knotted, as over some difficult problem.

And yet there would seem to be little reason why John Landor, of all men, should be sorrowful, for is he not thrice blessed in having sound health, a loving wife, and happy children, to say nothing of his great wealth?

Perhaps we shall discover the cause of his sadness by following the direction of his eyes, which he now turns upon a newspaper lying before him. He reads again the following item :

JUSTICE SATISFIED.

Harry Cole was yesterday convicted of theft, and sentenced to five years in state prison. It will be remembered that young Cole, who had borne a most excellent reputation and was universally liked, was detected, about six months ago, in borrowing money from the bank of which he was cashier. He offered to restore the whole amount, but the president was inexorable, and prosecuted him with the above result.

As Mr. Landor finishes reading, he closes his eyes and lives again in his imagination a scene the every detail of which has remained graven in his memory for the twenty years which have passed since its enactment. He seems to be sitting in a small room of a bank, situated in a western town. Before him is an old man of kindly mien, who is saying to him in earnest and compassionate tones, "John, I have only a few words to say. I have decided to accept your promise of restitution, and no one except myself will ever know of your theft. I have no wish to ruin your whole life, and I believe this will prove a lesson to you which will help you to become a noble man."

The old man's hope had been realized, and no man in the Exchange was to-day more thoroughly respected and honored than John Landor.

And this is why John Landor's face wears a look of questioning sadness as he utters the thought which fills his mind, "How different it might have been!"

And far away, in a small, bare cell, sits Harry Cole, his head resting between his hands, and if we could be near enough we might hear him mutter, gloomily, "How different it might have been!"

N. L. Foster.

The Potter family consisted of the father and mother, Henry, a young man of nineteen, and little Martha, only a few months old. Henry was a dissolute fellow, and after working hours were over was sure to find his way to some saloon.

One evening he failed to appear at home. Two, three, four days, finally weeks and months passed, but there was no trace of him. The day after his disappearance, it was noised about town that a frequenter of one of the saloons had fallen into a fight with Henry and barely escaped with his life. Little Martha now became the only joy and hope of the bereaved parents.

Straying one day, when about four years old, upon a bridge crossing a swiftly running river which flowed past the Potter homestead, her little feet tripped on an iron brace along the side of the bridge, and uttering one plaintive cry she fell into the river below.

A young man, apparently a tramp, turned toward the little girl just in time to see her tumble over the edge of the bridge. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the torrent after her. Overtaking her, he struck out for the shore, but made little progress. They floated on a quarter of a mile together, when, above the noise of the torrent, could be heard the rumbling, rushing, surging mass of water as it passed the falls not far away. The tramp heard it, and made a desperate effort to reach the shore with his human burden. The falls could now be seen, and still he was twenty feet from the bank. The distance to the falls and the shore gradually decreased till it was but twenty-five feet to the falls and but four to the bank. Seeing that he could not make the land he lifted Martha above his head, and with the strength born of desperation, he flung her upon dry land just as he was whirled over the awful falls.

* * * * *

In the town newspaper the following day was an account of the rescue, mainly derived from Martha, who had been found unharmed, by a neighboring farmer.

A search for the tramp's body was immediately begun, and it was found far below the falls in a shallow eddy. The news of the recovery was brought to Mr. Potter, who had affirmed that he would see that the body had, at least, a decent burial.

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On the morning after the body had been recovered the following notice appeared in the newspaper :

"The funeral services of Henry Potter, aged 23 yrs. 9 mos. who rescued his sister from a frightful death day before yesterday, will take place at the home of his parents on Friday evening at 8 o'clock."

Harry A. Terrel.

Lost—A The New York express was just leaving the station of a Tall Beaver. little college town one afternoon in early spring. At the last moment a young man stepped quickly into the Wagner parlor car. He was fashionably dressed, from the shine on his beaver hat to the tips of his patent leather shoes. The dress-suit case he carried bore the name of H. B. Sturtevant, while his haughty air proclaimed him the scion of some member of New York's four hundred. He was evidently a student running down to the city to attend some ball or assembly.

Fortunately, he was assigned a seat just back of a young lady, whose gray travelling gown and Grecian knot of hair at once attracted the attention of the young college man. He immediately sauntered to the end of the car and back in order to obtain a glance at the very pretty face of a brunette, hidden under a dark veil.

"By Jove," he thought, "here's an interesting travelling companion. I wonder how I can cultivate an acquaintance. Mighty lucky there's no chaperon." But it took the "experienced ladies-man" over two hours to accomplish his purpose. He employed every means in his possession to make an impression, produced books and papers, made innumerable trips to the end of the car, chatted quite loudly with a gentleman, and even skilfully introduced his own name into the conversation. The fair occupant of the chair did not even turn her head. Still he had the satisfaction of perceiving that he had aroused her interest, and could foresee a favorable result.

Springfield had been passed when a daintily gloved hand reached up to pull down the shade. As usually happens under such circumstances, the shade caught in the fastening. Mr. Sturtevant could not be quick enough in offering his assistance with a polite "Allow me the privilege." Having thus broken the ice, he presented his card, and naïvely asked, "Have I not had the pleasure of meeting you at one of Mrs. Montgomery's afternoon receptions?"

"I really must confess that I do not remember your face," was the demure reply, "yet," she continued, dropping her lashes coquettishly, "I have often heard your name mentioned."

The conversation gradually became animated, and the remaining three

hours' ride slipped by rapidly as they chatted together like old friends. Her bright repartée aroused his admiration, and he mentally applauded her aristocratic bearing. Mr. Sturtevant soon began to compare her with his conquest of the preceding winter, a southern beauty. He always was especially devoted to brunettes, but never had he met one so magnificently dark, or with such large, soulful eyes.

On reaching New York he insisted on driving her home in his father's carriage when he found no one awaiting her. But no, she firmly declined, and would only permit him to call a hack.

"And is this good-bye, may I not hope to meet you again?" he asked, at the hack door. For answer, she took a card from its neat case, and, dropping her eyes with a pleased smile, said, "I should be happy to have you call and meet my mother any afternoon."

"To-morrow, then," he replied, holding the hand that presented the card a little longer than etiquette would sanction, and rejoicing in the slight return to his warm pressure.

As he rolled up town in his comfortable barouche, his eyes were dreamily fixed on a plain white card, which contained the words:

ESTELLE MAE JOHNSON
896 Sixth Avenue

At four o'clock the next afternoon he walked up the steps of a corner brown-stone front. The negro footman ushered him into a well furnished reception room, and took his card.

Presently the rustle of skirts made his heart-beats quicken. A moment later his charmer of the preceding day entered the room. She was followed by a large, homely, mulatto woman whom she introduced as "My mother, Mr. Sturtevant. I am very glad ——" but he had regained his breath and fled, leaving his tall beaver hanging on the hat tree.

H. J. Hapgood.

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There can be no concealment of the fact that literary work is at a decidedly low ebb in college. The winter term which should produce the best work of the year has been singularly unfruitful. Scarcely more than half a dozen articles have been submitted by members of the sophomore and junior classes, which are the most interested. The cause is difficult to determine, for while there are ups and downs in the literary world, as well as every other, it seems impossible that there are not three men in each class who can write a good story, a bit of college verse, or a literary criticism. The only alternative is the belief that there are men in college who are capable of doing good literary work but refuse to do it. This is not due, we believe, to inherent modesty on their part, for college men are not given to hiding themselves under a bushel. It cannot be from a lack of the literary spirit, for there are a score of men in every class who appreciate literature in its highest sense and spend much time in its study. It comes, we believe, from the under-valuation of the benefit derived from literary composition. Men who complain of the lack of opportunity to do original work in the English department, and of there being so few practical English courses during the first two years, fail to realize the value of the "elective course" of a two years competition which the LIT. offers. The benefit derived is not from any criticism of the editors, but rather the getting one's thoughts under control so that he may discover his ability and weakness. A man is better able to judge the work of others by knowing what he is able to do himself. The LIT. board has never claimed its infallibility, however, and fortunately, for it had the honor three years ago of rejecting as "unavailable" an unpublished poem by Tennyson!

Are athletics opposed to literary work? No. The present athletic enthusiasm in college is entirely compatible with the best literary work. One of the reasons we have so many trite love tales in our college magazines and so few strong, vigorous stories is because the writers themselves are lacking in physical strength. To one not in touch with the world it is easier to be an idealist than a realist. The amateur is strongly tempted to rely wholly upon his imagination, and instead of controlling it he allows it to run riot. It is only the artist that can create from the imagination. The beginner should write of that which his eyes have seen and his ears heard, with just a flavor of the imagination to save it from the commonplace. But to return—the closer the college magazine and the athletic team can be united, the better it will be for both.

President Eliot's views upon athletics, as expressed in his annual report, have caused much discussion. We quote the following statement of President Tucker's views from *The Dartmouth*:

"The colleges are indebted to President Eliot for the thoroughness with which he has taken up the subject of athletics. No fairer statement has been made than in the paragraphs in which he contrasts the advantages and disadvantages of athletics as now carried on. Some of the positions which he takes apply differently in different colleges. In some the end proposed might have to be reached at present in other ways. I think that it is true, as a rule, that athletics take too much time, and what is of equal account in some colleges, too much money. In making account, however, of the time given to athletics, allowances must be made for the wasteful and mischievous uses of time which they have displaced.

"In regard to specific points advanced, I should agree heartily that all college games should be played on college fields in college towns, and also that students should be restricted to one class of sports within the year.

"Freshmen must have the opportunities to maintain and develop athletic enthusiasm, but men should not be allowed to play in any of the college teams until they have gained a secure standing in college.

"It has never seemed to me that athletics belong in a professional school, except as these schools still represent to so many men the undergraduate course. The long remedy is to make professional schools really graduate schools. Meanwhile a time limit on the playing of any student might cover the case.

"Foot-ball is at best a dangerous game. I have never seen how the

danger could be reduced by lessening the proportion of team work. Safety must lie chiefly in skill and strategy.

“The rule proposed which would limit intercollegiate contests in any one sport to every other year applies especially to colleges which add boating to the list of contests.

“In estimating the general effect of athletics I should lay as much stress on the mental recreation which they give to a whole college, as on the physical development which they secure to the few.”

We were surprised to hear, a few days ago, that the senior class in the Dartmouth kindergarten had misbehaved in church, and was, for that offence, removed to the front seats. It does seem as if the kind advice and loving persuasion of the teachers ought to have kept the children quiet during the Sabbath hour; but if not, then discipline must be maintained at any cost. It is said that the children did not improve in their deportment even after this impressive action of the teachers, but we hope all such reports are false. If the measures already taken have proved futile, something more decisive must be done, and we would suggest the stationing of matrons of the community among the pupils, one in each seat.

But, more seriously, we do not expect to see any change for the better under the present system of compulsory church attendance. The matter has already been aired sufficiently from the students' stand-point; it ought to be considered also in the light of public decorum and college discipline. Does any one imagine that half or a third, or even one tenth of the senior class, or any other class, are utterly devoid of all reverence for the house or the service, and of all respect for the preacher and the congregation? Does any one imagine that our conduct here is such as one would see if we were in our home churches? There can be but one answer to such a question. We have noticed the conduct of members of the class who are by nature perfect gentlemen—men that, on any ordinary occasion, conduct themselves with perfect propriety. In church, however, their deportment has been so unmannerly as to disturb every one in their vicinity. Why is this? It is simply because the fact that the service is one of the prescribed college exercises has robbed it, in the mind of almost every one in the class, of a part of its sacredness. Most of us would go to church naturally; we do not consider it a grind that we are obliged to go. Nevertheless, it is a college requirement, and as such becomes common, and is stripped

more or less of its sacred associations. Now, what would be the results of optional attendance?

In the first place, those few who consider church a grind, who get no good from the services, and who feel free to create any disturbance whatever, would be where they could do themselves more good and others less harm.

Next, the large body of students that would go from force of habit and a sense of the fitness of things, would be restored to their normal estimate of religious matters, and could be found as orderly and perhaps as attentive as any part of the audience.

Finally, those who go to church now in a real spirit of devotion, and with the desire of profiting by the services, would be undisturbed in their worship.

We grant that the attendance would be smaller than it is now,—a little smaller; but we believe that the loss would be from the ranks of those whom the service does not benefit. We also firmly believe that the abolition of compulsory attendance would do more to further a respectful and friendly feeling toward religion in the college than any other measure that could be devised.

The honor which has come to Dartmouth through the appointment of President Tucker to a lectureship in the Lowell Institute is appreciated by all Dartmouth men. The course consisted of eight lectures upon the subject: "The Influence of Religion to-day," and attracted large audiences.

Rev. Julius H. Ward has this to say of President Tucker's lectures in the *Outlook* for March 31: "Those who have watched the intellectual and religious development of Dr. W. J. Tucker since he has been an Andover professor, have been deeply interested in his use of the opportunity of expressing his mature convictions on 'The Influence of Religion To-day,' which was the subject of his Lowell Institute lectures. It has been felt by many that he was especially qualified, by his keen intuition and comprehensive sense of the movements of social and religious thought, to give a course of lectures that would be of the first importance, and it is truth to say that the expectations of the public have not been disappointed. They have attracted large audiences and held them, and a large proportion of the most thoughtful and influential people in Boston and the suburbs have been his constant audience. His method as a lecturer is close to perfection. He is never hurried, never slow, does not raise his

voice unduly, but pitches it so that he is readily heard, and his matter is so presented that one easily catches his thought and understands it. His style is simple and direct, making impression rather by weight of utterance than by brilliancy of rhetoric. The way in which he has held attention to closely reasoned and almost severe discussion of religious truth is something remarkable.

“The aim of President Tucker in these lectures has been not to discuss organized religion and ecclesiasticism but to recognize the religious spirit whenever it exists and to show by significant illustrations in what direction religious thought is moving and working in our time. It has been notable, as these lectures have proceeded, how skilfully Dr. Tucker has unloaded theological baggage and got down to the real point of things. . . .

“The interest which these lectures have awakened shows that Dr. Tucker possesses rare qualifications for the treatment of the large religious problems of our time; and if he should be appointed a second time to a Lowell lectureship, and could take up the practical application of the principles, which he has now laid down, to the movements of our time, it would be possible for him to make one of the most attractive courses that the Lowell Institute has ever had. His work this season, has been of the first order, and he has raised the ideal of what popular lectures on religion to cultivated people ought to be.”

The reception of the March “alumni number” has been most gratifying. It is hoped that it will become a permanent feature of the LIT., coming as it does just after the annual meetings of nearly all of the alumni associations.

Owing to the great amount of space devoted to the alumni last month the usual war record article is omitted in this number.

BY THE WAY.

There is a general impression that we are living in an age of unprecedented literary culture, and that criticism, especially criticism of fiction, has attained a high degree of perfection. We have discovered that our ancestors knew very little of the qualities which should characterize the novel, and fancy that, at length, critics have made their appearance who can judge with authority.

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But to BY THE WAY it seems rather that there is an utter confusion of literary ideas. We seem to be in a transition period. We have outgrown the old criticism, to be sure, but to say that we have found the new, is certainly a premature boast. The fact is, we no longer know what we think, we know merely what we do not think. The larger part of the present criticism must necessarily be ephemeral, valuable only as steps toward a better formulated method.

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Especially does this jangling of opinions show itself in the matter of morality in fiction. In old times, readers had clear notions on this subject. In the seventeenth century, there was no doubt concerning the propriety of Aphra Behn's stories, and equally little, a hundred years later, concerning the purity of Richardson's and Fielding's novels. "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews" were universally accepted as harmless, while to say "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Pamela" were immoral, was much to underrate the purity of the little printer's virtuous writings. Ladies cried over Richardson and laughed over Fielding, with equal innocence of any wrong intention.

It is fortunate, on the whole, that the popular idea of morality in fiction became more rigid. "Tom Jones" certainly is not elevating, and it is to be doubted if even "Clarissa Harlowe" is altogether unobjectionable. The hard and fast line which was drawn between the moral and immoral in fiction was desirable and necessary to accomplish a much needed reform, and resulted in no more over-strictness than is usually the result of a reaction against laxity.

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Just now, there seems to be as much difference of opinion regarding this point as there is regarding literary questions in general. There are still a great many who have not in the least abandoned the traditions of the last seventy-five years, and follow in the steps of those who insist on draping statues when the artist has not sufficiently clothed them. These critics hold up their hands in holy horror at the idea of reading the eighteenth century novelists, or becoming familiar with modern French fiction. Indeed, the directors of the public library in an intelligent New England city refused to admit "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to the library shelves.

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Then there is another class of readers who consider Zola not only the most powerful, but one of the most profitable of novelists. These readers maintain that ignorance is much worse than unlimited knowledge, and that topics formerly tabooed should not only be handled, but should be handled without gloves. So the balance wavers between a ridiculous prudery, and a worse than ridiculous license.

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There is a great deal of comfort in reflecting that things always tend toward a happy mean, and that we shall some-time have well-formed ideas on this, as on other subjects. There seems to be no question that our standard of morality in fiction must undergo a revision. When a great moral question is powerfully treated, a

certain vitality is given to the novel that compels it to live. We believe that such books as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "The Heavenly Twins," and even the more objectionable "David Grieve," will continue to appear and be read, and that they will ultimately be accepted without a protest. It is, however, fervently to be hoped that Zolaism will never become acceptable in this country or in England, and that it will not remain so, even in France; or at least, that it will be endured only from a transcendent genius like Zola himself.

EXCHANGES.

The style of the French school of story-writers, with its short, sparkling sentences and its vivid word pictures, is fortunately becoming more and more prevalent. But this style, like other good things, is liable to abuse, and the short sentences of these authors are often copied by writers who are not quite capable of imitating their grace. The result is that the style is sometimes jerky rather than piquant. Two stories which illustrate this danger are "Charles Brown's Ghost," by Louis A. Strauss, in the *Inlander*, and "Tramps," by Mabel E. Landers, in the *Smith College Monthly* (February). The sketch, "One of My Scholars," in the latter of those magazines, by Rose Adelaide Witham, and the opening story, "The Option," by Mary A. Jordan, are not altogether free from the same fault, but are, on the whole, strikingly good. The leading article in the *Inlander* is a very long essay on Robert Browning, by George Wesley Harris. It is lacking in original criticism, and is largely biographical. It shows, however, a great deal of research, and is a very interesting article. One cannot read it without gaining a fresh enthusiasm for the study of Browning. "An Anecdote of Arizona," by Maude E. Caldwell, is a well written sketch. The verse is not of the highest order.

The *Yate Lit.* for February contains an admirable sketch by Chauncey Wetmore Wells, entitled "Recollections of Edwin Booth." "The New Countess de Verney," by Roger S. Baldwin, is a well-written story. The theme of the concluding sketch of the Contributor's Club by C. C. H., is somewhat hackneyed, and we remember seeing a similar tale in print more than once.

The *Vassar Miscellany* opens with a thoughtful and interesting article by Anne Laziere Crawford '95, "The Evolution of Mephistopheles." It seems to us that the literary articles in this magazine usually have more than ordinary interest and originality. The story by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins '91, "Taken from Life," is very amusing. We like to see the year of graduation placed after the alumni contributions. Too many of the magazines print the work of alumni, and even professors, without indicating that the writer is not a student. This, as has already been suggested in our columns, is dishonest; for outsiders suppose the work to be that of undergraduates, and the magazine thus gains a credit which it does not deserve.

The *Brown Magazine* for February finds the happy mean between heaviness and frivolity. It is the best balanced "Lit." of the month. Everything is so good that nothing could well be selected for special mention, but we quote one of the sonnets.

The *Wesleyan Lit.* opens with a clever farce, "The Income Tax," by John A. Thompson. We were glad to see the article on Thomas Hardy, by William S. Woods, for Mr. Hardy is not as yet so well known as he should be. One great secret of this novelist's power is found by Mr. Woods in the skill with which he brings externals into harmony with the story. The article is a good one, but we think in some ways the writer does not appreciate Mr. Hardy.

The *Wellesley Magazine* (February), is devoted to the late Miss Shafer, and will be of the greatest value to all friends of the college. Various sides of the late president's character are interestingly presented by a number of the students and alumnae. The March

number is just at hand,—too late, however, for review; think it presents a very attractive table of contents. The March issues of most of the exchanges seem to be unusually belated.

The *Williams Lit.* (February) opens with a readable article by Robert W. Adams '45, entitled "Williams Fifty Years Ago." Though of more immediate value to Williams men, it is by no means without interest to the general public. The plot of "A Pleasant Call," by J. R. Craighed, seems almost improbable, but, the probability conceded, the story is very clever indeed. "After Many Days," by Eugene R. White, bears marks of the ready and talented writer, but evidently very little time was spent on this story. The poetry of the number seems to be mostly by the same author,—this fact showing, we fear, a lack of literary interest in the college at large, like that which prevails here at Dartmouth. One of these poems, "Lost," combines the obscurity of Browning at his worst and the tergidity of Swinburne with a disregard of syntax all its own. We say this, not because the poem is worse than a great many others that pass without criticism, but because it is the work of a brilliant writer who ought to do better. It is wholly unworthy the author of the admirable ballads quoted below.

The *Southern Collegian*, notwithstanding some disparaging remarks which it makes about itself in the exchange department, is one of the very foremost of the college magazines. The February number contains, among other good things, a careful discussion of the American newspaper, and one of the best stories of the month,—we are inclined to call it the best,—entitled "The Man from New Orleans." It is one of the very few stories in college magazines that depend for their interest on the manner of telling rather than on any original plot. In our opinion, it requires more skill to master so excellent a style of fiction writing than to imagine a striking denouement. The poetry has a tendency to gloom and also to obscurity, that does not altogether please us. The literary articles have, among other merits, that of avoiding the beaten track. We should prefer to see the contributions signed with the full name of the writer.

The *Trinity Tablet* has two excellent sketches, and a number of very good bits of verse. There is, however, somewhat excessive use of adjectives in "March" and "Evening." In both there is a trace of carelessness, one of the lines in the sonnet being short, and a grammatical error occurring in "Evening." Whether the writer or the proof-reader is responsible for such faults as these last, it would seem as if they might be avoided.

The Editors' number of the *Amherst Lit.* is just at hand. It opens with an able article on Shelley, by Howard J. Ford. "An Unfinished Story," by Charles Amos Andrews, and "The First Milestone," by Dwight W. Morrow, are studies in human nature rather than stories, and are of unusual merit. "Tempted by Circumstances," by Ernest M. Bartlett, is not up to the standard of the *Amherst Lit.*

The Sketch Book is very good.

MY VALENTINE.

Sun, golden sun, hast thou never seen night,
Rising and sinking in oceans of light!
Moon, silver moon, hast thou never seen day,
Sailing serene on thy star-jewelled way!

Loved one, my loved one, I'll love thee alway,
Till the sun shall see night, and the moon shall see day!

CATHARINE Y. GLEN, '94, in *Mount Holyoke*.

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

Self-doomed to gyve and talon! Hour by hour
 The crawling days drag out their torturous train;
 The sun smites on him, and the freezing rain;
 And though each thrill of anguish he has power
 To make the last, and step into a bower
 Of ease profounder than his present pain,
 He will not yield, though beak and claw that strain
 To its last shred that faithful heart devour.

So fared he long ago who brought men light;
 So fares the light-bringer of latter days;
 And we, who owe his gift our warmth and light,
 Forget the heaven he leaves to bring its rays;
 Forget the piercing crags, the vulture-spite,
 And all the pain whereby that blessing stays.

H. L. K., in *Brown Magazine*.

SONG.

ON THE BAY AT SUNRISE.

Away! Away!
 O'er the dancing Bay!
 Unship our oars and away! Away!
 The sea's our love in her gold and gray.
 Now pull with a will
 And away! Away!
 Away! Away!
 O'er the glinting Bay!
 Our oars in the liquid sunlight play;
 Dip quick! Fling wide the golden spray!
 Now bend to the breeze
 And away! Away!

EFFIE HAINES, '93, in *Iowa College Unit*.

BALLADE OF THE DRAGON IN THE SCREEN.

Here is a Japanese screen,
 The trees are a riot of red,
 The ground is most garishly green,
 The sky is deep black overhead.
 A Dragon most awful and dread,
 Whose scales are of glittering gold,
 All worked in a triumph of thread,
 Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

Great storks that are lengthy and lean,
With wings that are wondrously spread,
Are floating blue rivers between,
By emotional fantasies led.
What far away fancy has bred
These things so æsthetically bold?
With what diets they must have been fed!
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

In the corner, sedately serene,
It has watched thro' the library tread
Young Anna and Bess and Pauline,
—The latter are happily wed—
But the dragon was seemingly dead,
What it heard it has never unrolled,
But Sphinx-like was silent instead,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

L'ENVOI.

And I, too, with Anna have sped,
To this safe retreat, and I've told—
But the dragon heard all that was said,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold?

E. R. W., in *Williams Lit.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

All alumni who desire accommodations at The Wheelock during Commencement week should apply to Mr. D. L. Lawrence, Hanover, N. H. Several class reunions are to be held during the week, and in order to secure rooms applications should be made at once.

SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The fifth annual reunion and banquet of the Sons of New Hampshire was held January 20, at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago. It was one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held, and a large number of sons and daughters of the Granite state were present. Judge Jonas Hutchinson '63, the president, introduced as the first speaker Col. E. D. Redington '61, who is president of the Sons of Vermont. Rev. W. A. Bartlett '82, of Oak Park, spoke on "Chips of the Granite State;" Mr. W. R. Burleigh '72 spoke for "The Bar."

SONS OF VERMONT.

The Sons of Vermont held their seventeenth annual banquet January 18. It was given at the Grand Pacific hotel, and one hundred members were present. Col. E. D. Redington '61, the newly elected president, gave a pleasant inaugural address. Rev. George Gates, D. D., '73, president of Iowa college, was present, and related many stories of Vermont life. Judge Jonas Hutchinson '63 brought greetings from the Granite state.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical society was held January 4, in the chapel of the Boston university. Among the vice-presidents elected were Hon. Walbridge A. Field, LL. D., '55, of Boston; Joseph Smyth, A. M., '74, of Manchester; and Hon. James Barrett, LL. D., '38, of Rutland, Vt.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ALUMNI.

The third annual reunion and banquet of the alumni of central and western Massachusetts was held at the Bay State House, March 9. About forty graduates were present, and the classes represented ranged from '38 to '93. Previous to the dinner there was a short business meeting, at which Vice-President C. C. Conant '57, of Greenfield, presided.

The after-dinner exercises were opened by Vice-President Conant, who called for the singing of "It's a Way We Have at Old Dartmouth," in which the company joined, and afterwards introduced Henry L. Parker '85 as toastmaster of the evening. He first called on President Tucker, who was given three cheers as he rose to speak. He outlined the history of the college and the present state of its affairs. He was followed by Dr. John L. Hildreth '64, of Cambridge, Dr. Frederick Stone '38, of Morristown, N. J., Joseph H. Edgerly '67, and Hon. George Fred Williams '72, of Dedham. The latter remarked that he had not spoken in public since the campaign last fall, and went on to speak of the success of Dartmouth men in public and private life, and their influence in Massachusetts,

New England, and the country, ascribing it to their ability to work and their training in that regard. He had noticed a great improvement in the college since his own time. In those days too little attention was paid to polish, but since Dr. Tucker and his present corps of educators came to Dartmouth there has been a great change in this direction. He believed that under the influence of the new instructors the Dartmouth man would go into the world better equipped for high aims, and with polish to aid his strength and energy. There were also speeches by J. B. Stone, of Worcester, Yale '65, Dr. Homer T. Fuller, president of the Worcester Polytechnic institute, and others.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLASS SECRETARIES.

- '39. Sylvester Dana, Concord, N. H.
- '40. Rev. Leonard Tenney, Waterbury, Vt.
- '42. Hiram Orcutt, 3 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.
- '48. Geo. W. Patterson, Westfield, N. Y.
- '50. Dr. John Ordronaux, 45 Williams St., New York city.
- '52. Dr. Carlton P. Frost, Hanover, N. H.
- '53. Rev. Moses T. Runnels, Croydon, N. H.
- '55. Dr. Edward P. Scales, Newton, Mass.
- '56. Hon. Benjamin F. Prescott, Epping, N. H.
- '57. Gen. Charles A. Carlton, 202 Broadway, New York city.
- '58. Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, Hollis, N. H.
- '59. Albert C. Perkins, West Lebanon, N. H.
- '61. George A. Marden, Lowell, Mass.
- '62. Horace S. Cummings, 1416 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- '63. Dr. Addison H. Foster, 779 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
- '64. Dr. John C. Webster, 820 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.
- '65. Rev. Henry I. Cushman, Providence, R. I.
- '66. Chester W. Merrill, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- '67. Prof. Horace Goodhue, Jr., Northfield, Minn.
- '68. Prof. Charles F. Emerson, Hanover, N. H.
- '69. Charles P. Chase, Hanover, N. H.
- '70. Francis Brown, Union Theological Seminary, New York city.
- '71. Edward C. Burbeck, Danvers, Mass.
- '72. Prof. Albert E. Frost, 311 Craig St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- '73. Rev. S. Winchester Adriance, Winchester, Mass.
- '74. Prof. Clarence W. Scott, Durham, N. H.
- '75. Henry W. Stevens, Concord, N. H.
- '76. William H. Gardiner, 227 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.
- '77. John M. Comstock, Chelsea, Vt.
- '78. John P. George, 205 North Main St., Concord, N. H.
- '79. Charles D. Edgerton, Northfield, Vt.
- '80. Arthur L. Spring, 17 State St., Boston, Mass.
- '81. Rev. Myron W. Adams, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.
- '82. Arthur F. Rice, 1 Broadway, New York city.
- '83. Dr. Benjamin Tenney, 96 Charles St., Boston, Mass.
- '84. George D. Lord, Hanover, N. H.
- '85. Jay M. Hulbert, Princeton, Minn.

- '86. Arthur H. Chase, Concord, N. H.
- '87. Henry O. Aiken, Hill school, Pottstown, Pa.
- '88. Rev. Wm. B. Forbush, 8 Oak Ave., Riverside, R. I.
- '89. James C. Flagg, North Andover, Mass.
- '90. Charles A. Perkins, 35 West 60th St., New York city.
- '91. Frank E. Rowe, 26 Atlantic Ave., Fitchburg, Mass.
- '92. Edward N. Libbey, Hanover, N. H.

NEW PORTRAITS FOR THE ALUMNI GALLERY.

Ex-Governor B. F. Prescott '56, who has secured so many oil portraits for the college, has secured the following portraits for the alumni gallery:

Hon. Salmon P. Chase, LL. D., who graduated in 1826, was United States senator, governor of Ohio, secretary of the treasury, and chief-justice of the United States supreme court.

Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, LL. D., was of 1820; representative in congress, United States minister to Turkey, Greece, and Italy, author, etc.

Rev. William Cogswell, D. D., class of 1811; professor, president of theological seminary, historian, etc.

Hon. Edward Spalding, LL. D., class of 1833; trustee of the college for twenty-five years.

Hon. and Gen. Wheelock G. Veazey, LL. D., class of 1859; a justice of the supreme court of Vermont, a conspicuous officer in the late war, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and member of the interstate commerce commission.

Rev. Israel Evans, a chaplain in the Revolution, trustee from 1793 to 1807, and early benefactor.

Hon. James Barrett, LL. D., class of 1838, judge of the supreme court of Vermont.

'35. Rev. Daniel Goodwin died recently at Mason, N. H. Mr. Goodwin was born in 1809, at Londonderry. His death is the forty-seventh in a class of fifty-one at Dartmouth. He graduated at Andover Theological seminary in 1838. He had filled the pastorate at Mason for many years.

'36. Hon. Claudius B. Webster, ex-consul at Sheffield, Eng., who has given so liberally toward the new memorial chapel at Hampton, N. H., was a member of the class of '36. At the dedication of the chapel, January 23, Mr. Webster responded to the address of thanks.

'39. Rev. Moses H. Wells died at Northfield, Mass., Dec. 31, 1893. Mr. Wells graduated at Andover Theological seminary in 1845. He had been pastor at Pittsfield and Hinsdale.

'42. Otis C. Wright is principal of the Rittenhouse academy, Washington, D. C.

'42. William Clark died at Westboro, Mass., February 8, aged 74 years.

'46. Benj. F. Ayer is general counsellor of the Ill. C. R. R. Address, 78 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

'46. James J. Blaisdell is a member of the faculty of Beloit college, Wis.

'51. Henry Willard is preaching in Chicago. Address, 5555 Woodlawn Ave.

'56. Ex-Gov. Benjamin F. Prescott, of Epping, is named for the Republican nomination for congressman in the First New Hampshire district.

'56. Azro Dyer is practising law at Evansville, Ind.

'58. Isaac M. Wellington is superintendent of schools at Crawfordsville, Ind. Address 317 Wabash Ave.

'61. Galen B. Seamen is practising law at Milwaukee, Wis. Address, Room 1, 420 Milwaukee street.

'61. A. P. Wilder is in business at Eau Claire, Wis.

'63. Frank A. Spencer is practising law in Washington, D. C.

'69. Edmund S. Wood died last week at his home in Kingston, N. Y. He was a prominent member of the Ulster county bar. He was born in Winchester. After graduation he was professor of Greek in Cooperstown institute, New York.

'79. Thomas W. Proctor has resigned his office as assistant city solicitor of Boston, to succeed the Hon H. N. Sheldon in the law business. Mr. Proctor was born in Hollis, in 1858. He was educated in the public schools of that place and in Lawrence academy at Groton, Mass. After graduating from college he went to Boston and began the study of law in the office of John H. Hardy, attending the Boston university also. In October, 1883, he was admitted to the Suffolk bar. In 1884 he was clerk to the district attorney for Suffolk, after which he entered general practice in the firm of Hardy, Elder & Proctor. In 1886 he was appointed second assistant district attorney for Suffolk district. In December of the following year he was made first assistant district attorney, and this position he held until May, 1891, when he was appointed assistant city solicitor. He is a member of the Boston Bar association, the University club, and the Curtis club.

'79. Ladoit Derby is teaching at Fairfield, Iowa.

'81. Rev. George Willis Patterson has been ordained pastor of the Congregational church, East St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'82. Rev. F. H. Knight has resigned the pastorate of Grace Methodist Episcopal church, Springfield, Mass., and will go to Berlin for a couple of years to study church history under the celebrated Professor Harnack of Berlin University.

'84. Arthur W. Elliot is preaching at Assumption, Ill.

'85. Samuel H. Hudson succeeds T. W. Proctor '79 as assistant city solicitor of Boston. Mr. Hudson is a graduate of the Boston Law school, and was born at Nahant. He was admitted to the bar in 1889, and entered the office of J. Audley Maxwell, with whom a partnership was formed. He taught school in Malden while studying law. He served as librarian at Nahant Public library for several years. He also did some work for Boston newspapers while attending the Boston Law school, from which he graduated in 1886.

'86. F. M. Wiswall is studying music again this winter in Hartford Theological seminary.

'86. G. E. Whitehill recently graduated from the Boston University medical department.

'87. G. E. Johnson has left Hartford Theological seminary, and is studying pedagogy and psychology in Clark university.

'87. A son has been born to Col. W. S. Scruton and wife.

'88. E. G. Hovey is employed in the switchboard department of the Western Electric company at Chicago. Address, 227 South Clinton St.

'89. F. J. Allen had a poem in the Boston *Journal* recently entitled "Quechee."

'89. A. B. Clark is a civil engineer at Chicago. Address, Room 1415, 100 Washington street.

'90. W. A. Bacon continues to supply the church at Canton, Conn., and his work is accompanied with large success.

'90. J. B. Reynolds, who is the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Record and Advertiser*, has just published a racy book on "The Show at Washington." Some idea of the book can be gained from the following table of contents: "White House Ways," "Around Grover's Council Board," "Sketched in the Senate," "Pat and Personal," "Angles and Curves," "Heard in the Cloak Room," "In the Speaker's Eye," "Nine Black Bundles of Law," "Told after Adjournment," "Our Midway Plaisance," "In the Millionaires' Club," "Smoke Talks," "Oratorical Oddities," "At the Table and at the Bar," "Hoke, 'Shan,' Sterling, and Dan," "Snap Shots at Random." To introduce the book a limited edition is issued at the low price of 35 cents, postpaid.

'92. E. S. Davidson is in the engineering department of the Illinois sewer works at Chicago. Address, 9,041 Exchange avenue, South Chicago.

'92 med. Dr. E. G. DeWolf, of Charlestown, Mass., is writing the medical articles for the *Youth's Companion*.

'93. P. E. Stanley has just been reëlected as professor in physical science at Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J., where he has met with great success during the past year. A new laboratory and apparatus is promised for next year. Mr. Stanley has just been elected a member of the New York Schoolmasters' association.

'93 med. The engagement of Dr. A. W. A. Traver to Miss Mae S. Haskell of Melrose, Mass., has been announced.

THE CHRONICLE.

COMMENCEMENT COMMITTEES.

Picture—Allen, chairman, Palmer, Barton.

Cap and gown—Phillips, chairman, W. H. Rollins, Spooner.

Music—Hardy, chairman, Blakeley, Curtis.

Printing—Berry, chairman, Jones, Sherman.

Decorating—B. A. Smalley, chairman, Marden, Wallace.

Finance—C. C. Merrill, chairman, Burroughs, Townsend.

Tree—J. H. Bartlett, chairman, Cassin, F. S. Rollins.

Sing out—Jenks, chairman, Brown, Lewis.

THE FLETCHER PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

The trustees of Dartmouth college offer the above prize, according to the will of the Hon. Richard Fletcher, for the best essay calculated to counteract the present tendency to a "Fatal Conformity to the World." The following subjects are assigned, with the date at which essay is to be forwarded:

1. In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified? December 31, 1894.

2. Should any restrictions, legal or moral, be placed upon the accumulation of wealth? December 31, 1896.

3. How can education be made a greater safeguard against materialism? December 31, 1898.

These subjects may be treated singly or in course. No essay to exceed 250 pages of 270 words each. Circular containing further particulars forwarded if desired.

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER.

President of Dartmouth College.

Hanover, N. H., February 15, 1894.



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THE CHRONICLE.

DARTMOUTH INTER-SCHOLASTIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday, March 15, delegates from fifteen New England preparatory schools met in Bartlett hall and formed the Dartmouth Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association. The association organized with the choice of the following officers:

President, L. S. Oakes, Windsor high school; 1st vice-president, W. S. Bradford, N. H. C. and F. S.; 2d vice-president, C. S. Hoffman, Kimball Union academy; secretary, F. L. Whitney, Woodstock high; treasurer, M. B. Rowell, Claremont high; executive committee, L. S. Oakes, Windsor high, W. S. Bradford, N. H. C. and F. S., M. B. Rowell, Claremont high, E. S. Patterson, Vermont Methodist seminary, G. D. Robins, Concord high, L. S. Bugbee, White River Junction high, Walter Stack, Springfield high, C. S. Hoffman, Kimball Union academy, Jesse Barton, Simonds Free high, A. P. Smith, Cushing academy, Chas. Barrett, West Randolph high, W. W. Allen, Dow academy, F. W. Graves, Colby academy, M. D. Forbes, Vermont academy, F. L. Whitney, Woodstock high.

The association then proceeded to the adoption of a constitution which was modelled after that of the New England Intercollegiate association.

The first annual games of the association will be held on the alumni oval June 6, 1894. These games will be supplemented by team races between the various classes of the college,



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4. Because all applications for teachers receive prompt and careful attention.
5. Because our pledge for fair dealing and devotion to the interests of our patrons has been redeemed.

TESTIMONIAL.

My Dear Dr. Orcutt :

Norwalk, Conn., Sept. 19, 1892.

Your letter of 17th Sept. is received. You are correct in supposing that I wished you to act for me and in my interests, as if you were the head of the school. The time was so short that I could not well do otherwise ; and allow me to add that I did so with entire confidence in the excellence of your judgment. Your experience has been such that I felt perfectly safe in putting the responsibility on you. I believe that there are other excellent teachers' bureaus, but I did not feel like putting a matter of so much importance to me wholly in the hands of ANY OTHER. If I had insisted on seeing the candidate or corresponding with him, I might have lost the opportunity to engage the gentleman whom you have selected, and been forced to take an inferior teacher.

I expect Mr. M——'s work will prove your judgment of him correct. His estimate of himself makes him strong where I am weak, and that is what I want.

Yours cordially,

E. H. WILSON.

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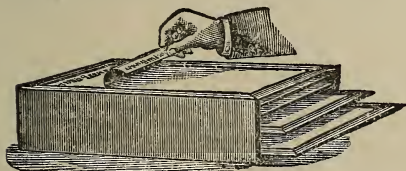
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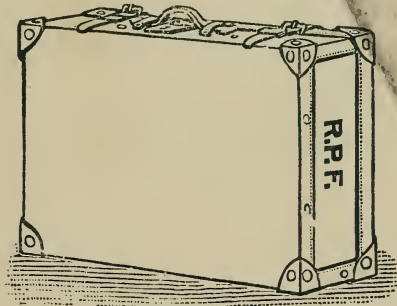
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